

56.

THE
OXFORD ACT,
A NEW
BALLAD-OPERA.

As it was Perform'd
By a COMPANY of STUDENTS
at OXFORD.

*When Learning, Virtue, Prudence, all combine,
Fearless of Satire, the bright Owners shine :
But should ill-tim'd Expences over-rule,
Too soon the former turn to Ridicule,
And simple Actions construe wise Men Fools.*



L O N D O N :

Printed for L. GULLIVER; and Sold by the Book-
sellers in St. Paul's Church-Yard, and at the Pam-
phlet-Shops of London and Westminster. 1733.

[Price One Shilling.]

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As it was Performed
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When Learning, Virtue, Piety, all combine,
To form the perfect Man;
And single Actions, though small as these,
To form the perfect Man.



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Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

Vice-Chancellor,
Proctor,
Haughty, } *Two Fellows of a College.*
Pedant, }
Terra-Filius,
Thoughtless, } *Oxford-Scholars.*
Spend-Thrift, }
Sprightly, }

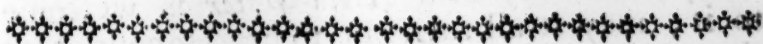
WOMEN.

Flippant, }
Hameffa, } *Oxford-Toasts.*
Vineffa, }
Buella,
Beadles,
Vice-Chancellor's Servants, &c.

SCENE OXFORD.



THE
PUBLICK ACT.



A C T I.

SCENE *discovers the Vice-Chancellor and one of the Proctors sitting at a Table, with a Bottle of Wine and Glasses before them.*

VICE-CHANCELLOR.



ELL, Mr. *Proctor*, I think we have manag'd this Publick Act exceeding well ; it must redound very much to the Honour of the whole University in general, and to our Reputation in particular.

Proctor. None but your worthy self, Sir, could have carried it through with so much Regularity and Decorum : Yes, the whole World speaks favourably of it ; the publick Papers too give a very just and true Account of it, and express all the whole Scene in Terms much to our Advantage.

B

Vice-

Vice-Chan. I have, Mr. *Proctor*, endeavour'd to discharge my Duty in this Case, as far as I was able, much to my own private Satisfaction, and I hope to that of the Publick. But the Part you sustained in it, and supported so prudently, deserves no little Applause, for which you have my Thanks, Sir, here now, and shall have the publick Thanks of this learned Body next time the Convocation assembles.

Proct. I thank you, learned Sir, for the favourable Opinion you entertain of your humble Servant, superior indeed to his Merits. The little I contributed in the Management of this august Entertainment is but small, but whatever it was, my dear *Alma-Mater* is welcome to it; may it all turn out to her Honour, that the wide World may see she is not undeservedly styl'd, the brightest Luminary of this glorious Isle.

Vice Chan The Oration I open'd the Act with, in Praise of Learning, took me up really a great deal of Time; for upon such an Occasion you know, Mr. *Proctor*, where the whole World, as it were, were to be Auditors and Judges, a Man would willingly do his best.

Proct. Very true, Sir; the Oration, indeed, was elegant, very elegant, worthy *Demosthenes's* Pen, and deliver'd with *Tully's* Eloquence.

Vice-Chan. You carry your Encomiums too high now, Sir; I am indeed an humble Imitator of those you mention, but don't presume to be any ways comparable to them. The other Orations I think were very elegant too, and well spoken, as likewise the Poetry. In short, every thing was accurately and judiciously transacted, order'd syllogistically, and according to Mode and Figure. The secret Pleasure
that

that I receive from the Thoughts of it almost transports me. Come, Sir, Here's Prosperity to the University of Oxford [*pouring out a Glass of Wine and drinking.*] may she for ever flourish, and always act as she has done this Publick Act, then will she brighten (if that is possible) in the Records of Fame. For,

A I R I. *Diogenes* surly and proud

*Succeeding Ages shall tell
That I was the famous Vice-Chan,
Who managed Matters so well
To satisfy every Man;
The Glory that I shall procure,
The Praise to which I may lay claim,
From Time to Time shall endure,
Whilst Oxford itself is a Name.*

Profr. A Man may now indeed, Mr. Vice-Chancellor, be allow'd to unbend his Thoughts over a Bottle; the Fatigue and Hurry is over, and we shall have little else to do now, but sit and hear, or read our own Praise: I pledge you, Sir, with all the Satisfaction imaginable, and drink from the Bottom of my Soul the aforesaid Health.

A I R II. *Damon*, you are lost in Thought.

*For I have also borne a Part
In this entertaining Pleasure:
Joys encircle this glad Heart,
And transport me above measure.
Oxford, may thy tuneful Bards
For ever consecrate this Tear;
When Albion's Queen pays her Regard,
Thy Sons both Wealth and Honour share.*

Vice-

Vice-Chan. 'Tis very true, Sir; *Queen's* is much oblig'd to her Royal Majesty, for her munificent Present. I see you bear an honest Heart, and express a sympathetic Satisfaction at this blessed Juncture of Affairs; we are not only crown'd with Honour (which is but an empty Thing) but even with Wealth too, which is something more solid. We are very well off, Mr. *Proctor*, as it is, but had we suffer'd the *Terra Filius's* Speech to have been spoken, we had been all bemir'd, and in the Suds; therefore, I think the Suppression of that was a great Specimen of our Prudence.

Proct. Most certainly, Sir, for between you and I, had he been licens'd to have vented his Spleen, instead of looking one another in the Face as we do now with some Comfort, we should have been ashamed to have seen one another; The Fellow would have laid us (and not only us) but the rest of our Brethren so open—

Vice-Chan. Best of all, as it is to be sure, Mr. *Proctor*; for who is there that lives and sins not? We gave the Thing a very good Turn, when we inform'd the Publick, that instead of lashing Vice in general (for which Purpose he was first suffer'd to mount the *Rostrum*) he confin'd his Satyr to particular Persons upon old Piques and Grudges. No Gentleman, of what Degree or Order soever, is safe at this Rate, if his Life must be ransacked only to afford Matter for Ridicule.

Proct. Rightly argued, Sir; for you know very well, when the Matter was debated in *Golgotha*, that we all unanimously agreed to suppress the *Terra Filius*, confessing, like good Christians, that none of us were without Faults; and therefore, to be sure, it was the wisest Conclusion
in

in the World toward off the intended Mischief: it was the Result of deep Penetration and sound Judgment, and as worthy to be chronicled, for the Benefit of the Sculls that come after us, as any other of our Actions. In short, it was a Resolution that bespeaks the Authors of it, that learned Body amongst whom it was determin'd.

Vice-Chan. That politick, as well as learned Body, Mr. *Proctor*, always takes the wisest, and most prudent Methods to screen itself from Danger and Defamation; for 'tis exceeding fit that Fathers should set a good Example to their Children: so we ought to take Care to appear pure and undefiled (at least in the Eye of the World) that we give no Offence to our Pupils; which are, you know, the same in respect to us, as Children to their Fathers.

Proct. Admirably well spoken, Sir; and had the chagrin'd Gentleman been suffered to have uttered his Malice and Scandal, we should have been as little regarded by our Youngsters, as a discarded Courtier is by the Generality of those who before careis'd and ador'd him; for Experience teaches that to all Youths.

A I R III.

*When Piety in us they view,
The Paths of Virtue they pursue;
Fair and unspotted whilst we shine
The World concludes us all Divine:
But when expos'd to publick Tongues,
Or censur'd by licentious Songs,
All sneer us after such Disaster.
And wonted Reverence turns to Laughter.*

Vice-Chan. Wherefore, Brother,

A I R

A I R IV.

*Still let us keep the useful Vizor on,
 Since to unmask is but to be undone:
 To outward View let us appear all Saint,
 Tho' foulest Crimes the inward Parts may taint.
 Pious the World, her learned Sons shall style,
 With fair Outside, whilst we their Belief beguile:
 Specious Formalities shall gain us Pow'r,
 And make both Pupils, and Mankind adore.*

Profr. Exceeding well, Mr. Vice-Chancellor ;
 I am glad to see you thus facetiously grave,
 I believe there is not above another Glass of
 Wine in the Bottle ; and, if I mistake not, 'tis
 pretty late [*Pulls out his Watch.*] past Twelve,
 I protest ; who could have thought it ? How
 swift the Hours steal away in good Company ?
 I think that Saying is true indeed, *Beati non
 numerant horas*, for I am sure I have not observ'd
 how the Time has slip'd away this Evening. I
 drink this Glass, Sir [*Taking up the Glass and
 drinking it.*] to your good Repose.

Vice-Chan. Thank you, Mr. Profror, the same
 to you : Pray be so kind as to communicate to
 your Friend, if you hear any Thing more rela-
 ting to our Publick Act. Good Night, let me
 have the Satisfaction of seeing you again as
 soon as it suits with your Conveniency. Here,
John, light Mr. Profror home.

SCENE

SCENE, *changes to Merton Walks, and discovers Thoughtless walking.*

Thoug. What an unfortunate, inconsiderate Dog am I, thus to have squander'd away all my ready Rhino, and tick'd with all that would trust, only to make a gaudy Appearance for four or five Days this Publick Act? Let me consider, (if the Reflection is not too bitter) what my Expences have amounted to this last Fortnight, *Imprimis* [then; there's my *Midsummer* Quarteridge, which is Fifty Pounds, with which I should have paid off my old Score, my Battles, my Tutorage, my Taylor, Barber, Laundress, and other Creditors; but, faith, 'tis all gone, and not one paid out of it: I sav'd it all, like a Fool, to spend it extravagantly this Publick Act. D—mn the plaguy Act, and all that voted for it. I wish I had been helping build the new Town at *Georgia*, rather than in this cursed Place — In the next Place, I have ate and drank my Library, poor Sir *Isaac*, faith, has contributed towards the Purchase of a Bottle of *Champaigne* to treat my Mistress with; and *Locke*, with some more, assisted me with a Goose: the Rascal had 'em of me at quarter value too, I am sure there were as many Books as cost me Twenty Pounds all gone for Five. In the next Place, there's the Furniture of my Room procur'd me some Tickets to hear that bewitching Musick, that cursed *Handel*, with his confounded *Oratio's*, I wish him and his Company had been yelling in the infernal Shades below. [*Laying his Right Hand on his Breast.*]

A I R

A I R V. Happy Groves.

*O wretched, wretched, wretched self !
Thus bereft of Books and Pelf.*

A I R VI. Despairing beside a clear Stream

*But can these sad Thoughts give me Ease ?
Can they respite the Cares I sustain ?
Let me think then of somewhat to please,
To sooth my Soul's Anguish and Pain.*

My Bed too's gone, and that's the Devil and all ;
so that I may as well walk the Parade all Night
as sneak into College. But hark ! I hear the
Sound of Feet ; the Proctor too, Egad, perhaps ;
and then I shall be fin'd Forty Shillings for
being out after Tom has toll'd, and I can as soon
soon raise Forty thousand Pounds : However,
let it be *Beelzebub* himself, I will advance and
meet him, for I can't be worse off than I am.
[Calls out.] Who's there ? What, no-body an-
swer ! Faith, I have got hold of a Hand, and
by the Softness of it, it should be a Woman's
too. Speak, Hussy, or I'll squeeze you till
you do. [She cries out. O Lud ! O Lud !]
Ha ! Miss *Flippant*, your Servant ; how came
you here at this time of Night ?

Flip. Why, faith, Mr. *Thoughtless*, musing
and ruminating on my Misfortunes unwarily
led me to this solitary Place.

Thoug. Misfortunes, Child ! What Misfor-
tunes can you have ? I thought now after this
Publick Act, you might be able to lend a Body
Five Pounds ; for sure you must have had a
good Time of it.

Flip.

Flip. So far from that, Mr. *Thoughtless*, that I assure you, I have run myself a-ground considerably; but hope you, Sir, (as I know your Allowance is very handsome) can help an old Friend out at a dead Lift.

A I R VII. O *Fenny*, O *Fenny*, &c.

*Tho' I, alas! prepar'd a Snare,
To catch unwary Woodcocks in,
Yet, notwithstanding all my Care,
Was first entrap'd in my own Gin.*

For one had as good be merry as sad, Mr. *Thoughtless*, you know: Come, let me hear how Matters stand with you.

Thoug. My dearest Soul, you should with as much Pleasure command my Purse as you do my Person, had I any thing in it; but the Duce take me if I have one Sous left. I am as clear, my Charmer; (come, let me say something elegant) as clear as the chrystal Stream, and, I think, as shallow, or else I should have founded my own Depth before the A&t began, and then I could not have sunk over Head and Ears (I don't mean in Water, Child, but in Debt) dear *Flippant*, if you can think of any Expedient to relieve your unfortunate *Thoughtless*, pr'ythee communicate.

A I R VIII. The *Irish* Howl.

*In vain, alas! I now repent,
Since all my whole Possession's spent;
Who now can mitigate my Grief,
Too great to hope, or ask Relief?*

Ho, hora, Ambora, &c.

C

Come,

*Come, fair one, sooth me with t'hy Charms,
And take me longing to thy Arms;
There let me feast with amorous Play,
And lose both Thought and Care in thee.*

Ho, hora, Ambora, &c.

Flip. Very pretty, upon my Word, Mr. *Thoughtless*; I find, if you have quitted possession of your Gold, yet you still retain your Wit and Gallantry.

Thoug. Wit, my fair one; what signifies Wit and Gallantry? Can they procure me Meat and Drink for the next Quarter? Can they discharge the Manciples and Buttery-Books, stop the Mouths of my bauling Creditors, or gain me new Credit till I can relieve myself.

Flip. Why yes, Mr. *Thoughtless*, if you will take my Advice, they shall in some Measure assist you with all these Things you have been mentioning.

Thoug. Why, what is your Advice, Mrs. *Flippant*? Pray explain yourself, for I should be glad to do any thing for Money.

Flip. Why then, Sir, as you are a Gentleman of Parts and Understanding, I would advise you to turn Author and retrieve yourself that way.

Thoug. Turn Author! a very pretty Fancy, faith: Why, I have been an Author all my Life long, that is of my own Misery and Misfortunes; and so I fear shall continue to be: if it had not been for my own dear self, I might now have had Fifty Pounds in my Pocket, or else have paid off all my Debts; I might have had Books to read to make me an Author in another Sense, and a good Bed to have lain on; I need not have been afraid of the Vice-Chancellor's Court or the Castle. I could have afforded

forded to have treated you with a Flask or two of *French Wine* and a Fowl for Supper, besides an Addition of half a Piece to have bought you a Pair of Gloves; and who has been the Author of all this but my own sweet self? therefore for God's sake, Child, talk nothing more of turning Author, for I am sure, for my own Part, I am a very compleat one; and so are you, my Dearest: for who was it run you in Debt Twenty Pounds this Publick Act, but your own sweet self.

A I R IX. I'll range all round the, &c.

*In vain does wretched Man condemn
Others, as Authors of his Woe;
His Griefs are center'd all in him,
From him alone his Troubles flow.*

Flip. Your Logick, Mr. *Thoughtless*, may, in your Opinion, be very good: I shan't stay to confute you now, because 'tis so late, but will take another Opportunity of seeing you some other time; and then don't doubt but, when you hear my Reasons, you will soon incline to the other Side of the Question.

A I R X. Gently touch the warbling Lyre.

*No more then let us take such Pains,
This preposterous Truth to prove;
Since nothing happens here below,
But what is first decreed above.*

The End of the First Act.



A C T II.

S C E N E I *discovers the Terra-Filius*
—reading in Paradise-Garden.

TERRÆ-FILIUS.

WELL, my Masters, I think I am now pretty even with you. To what Purpose was it to silence me here, when you know the Press is free? I have sent the Copy to be printed, and shall this Day follow myself to correct the Press; for since my Intentions are to lay open to the World, what you industriously study to hide, 'tis time for me to think of quitting this Place: or else, as soon as my speech is publish'd, I shall be forced to leave it with a Flea in my Ear, as the old Proverb says: But why should a Man be ashamed of the Truth? yet they say, Truth is not to be spoken at all Times? But who comes here? Faith, *Haughty* and *Pedant*, two Fellows of a College; if they see me, both will fall upon me for my intended Satyr. I will retreat into this Arbour, and then I shall safely over-hear all their Discourse, which I suppose will chiefly turn upon me, and the Publick Act.

Enter

Enter Pedant and Haughty.

Hang. Mr. *Pedant*, your Servant; what, I suppose your Morning Prayers are just finished too, and you come out for an Airing: 'Tis a fine Morning I think

Ped. Very pleasant, Mr. *Haughty*, I am somewhat queer this Morning, and have not rightly recover'd myself since the A&t.

Hang. I don't know how it is with you, Sir; but for my own Part, I am a great Sufferer by it both in Health and Pocket too.

Ped. 'Tis the same with me, Mr. *Haughty*.

Hang. Our Cases run in a Parallel; nay, 'tis worse with me, for I question whether my gaping Herd of Creditors won't be for sequestring my Fellowship or not. I don't see what Occasion we had for this A&t, unless it was to ruin us all: It would have been much more prudent, I think, had it pass'd in the Negative; for I am sure it has done more Harm than Good amongst us; no one has gain'd any thing by it but Mr. *Handel* and his Crew.

Ped. Very true; we had Fiddlers enough here before, and by squandering away the Profits of our Fellowships, we not only endanger our Reputation, but our own dear Persons too, Brother: For this A&t has run me so far in Debt, that if a Catch-pole should clap me on the Shoulder, I know of no other Remedy to satisfy my Creditors but to go to Jail.

Hang. God forbid! Brother; I don't doubt but what the publick Stock of the University is very much diminished too by these extravagant Expences: And as for the younger Sort, nothing could have done them a greater Piece
of

of Disservice. There's my Pupil *Dick Thoughtless* says, this last Fortnight has stood him in above an Hundred Pounds; and I question whether it may not be true, for *Dick's* a generous young Fellow.

Ped. Very likely, Sir; it has not only hurt our young Fellows, but the Girls too in a very sensible Manner: For that Money which would have lasted them for a Quarter to bestow on our Ladies, is all gone in a Week or ten Days, so that we shall not only be plagued with Male Duns but Female too. Here's *Betty Flippant* was with me before Prayers this Morning, and says, she has run a-ground so much for fine Cloaths to appear in this Act, that it has ruin'd her; that she is likewise got in Arrears with her Landlady so far that she threatens turning her out of her Lodging; that she was in Hopes of getting clear of the World by some lucky Incident, but instead of that, has clear'd nothing but her Pocket of all her ready Rhino, and her Room of all its Furniture: She has been up all Night she says, being afraid to go home, and found *Dick Thoughtless*, who us'd to be her best Friend, at One this Morning in *Merton-Walks*, and in as bad a Condition as herself.

Haug. 'Tis too late, Brother, to repent now; what shall we say to these things? there's no Remedy left but Patience as I know of: I am heartily concern'd for *Dick* and *Betty* both, as well as for ourselves.

A I R XI. The Lads of Patie's Mill.

*Who now shall count us wise ?
 Like silly Men we dream ;
 Since what all People prize,
 So little we esteem :
 Where can we seek Relief,
 Now Money's gone and spent ?
 There's nought can us reprieve ;
 There's nought can bring Content.*

A I R XII. A Cobler there was.

*Ped. Come listen, dear Brother, come listen to me ;
 I'll think of a Trick that will set us all free ;
 Away with this whining, and cease to complain ;
 'Tis Courage alone that can ease all our Pain.
 Derry down.*

*But could we recal the Time that is past,
 No more we would squander, no more we would
 (waste ;
 Then as Johnny Gay says, Let's dry up our
 (Sorrow,
 The Wretch of to-day may be happy to-mor-
 (row.
 Derry down.*

*But, Brother, I believe 'twill be better for us
 to part for the present, for fear of being nab'd ;
 besides, I believe 'tis now Breakfast-time.*

Haug. Sir, your Servant,

[Exeunt Pedant and Haughty.]

Terra-

Terræ Filius comes out of the Arbour.

Ter. Fil. Well, God be thanked, they are gone; to what Purpose was this learned Body so very industrious in silencing me, when they confess themselves guilty of so much Indiscretion? 'Tis plain from these Gentlemen's Discourse, how very prejudicial this Act has been to the whole University in general; for all I banter them in my Speech, yet am I really concern'd that the Consequences of this Affair should prove so fatal, as they represent them to be. The Pupils they say, have ruin'd themselves, and the Tutors are undone; but small Difference I find amongst them all. I am sorry for the Ladies too; but to what Purpose is my Pity? I know they hate me, and I think if they were not wise enough to take care of their Pockets (as they know what will follow) they ought to take it for their Pains; and as they set up for such great Wits, so they appear the more eminent Fools, and rather deserve Resentment than Compassion: But here comes *Betty Flippant*, I knew her formerly, and have done her some particular Favours, therefore believe her too honest to betray me; from her I may learn the true State of this famous (or rather infamous) Body. I find, if Matters are so very bad with *Betty*, as they say, I can afford her a small Matter, and so secure her to my Interest. [*He meets her.*] *Mrs. Betty*, your humble Servant; how do you do?

Flip. Sir, yours; but I protest I don't know you, Sir.

Ter.

Ter. Fil. Not know me, Mrs. Betty! Sure your Memory is very treacherous then; what, not know your old Friend, honest ——— of

Flip. Know you, Sir, I did once, but am now ashamed of you: Why you are the Man, I won't term you so, but the Monster that was to have spoken the *Terra-Filius's Speech*.

Ter. Fil. And what Harm is therein all that, Mrs. Betty? I should not have affronted you, my Dear.

Flip. Not have affronted me, Sir; why, in affronting my Gentlemen you affront me: And I am moreover inform'd, that you intend to print your Speech.

Ter. Fil. Why, fair one? Suppose I do, I may perhaps get some Money by it, and be able to make you an handsome Present, if you are not above accepting it.

Flip. Above accepting it, Sir! Times are not so well with me as you imagine; 'tis true, I had conceived great Expectations from this Act, but faith, have received no Benefit by it as yet.

Ter. Fil. Surely, Child, you don't talk so. What, could you suck in no Advantage from the great Concourse of Nobility and Gentry here assembled?

Flip. Not a Doit, I assure you, Sir; it has ruin'd me, and not only me but a great many of my Friends besides. But, Sir, you know I always had a particular Regard for any thing of Wit and Mirth; so, dear Sir, oblige me with a Sight of the Speech you intended to have spoken, and now it seems are resolved to publish; besides, it may perhaps be of some Service to me as Things have happen'd.

D

Ter.

Ter. Fil. Any thing that I have is at your Service, *Mrs. Betty*; [*Pulls out the Speech and gives it to her*] but how this can any ways assist you in your present Circumstances I should be glad to learn from your own Mouth.

Flip. Why, I'll tell you, Sir, as Times are very bad with me, I was thinking, that if I could get a Sight of your Speech, with a little Assistance, I might be able to write an Answer to it, and so turn a Penny that way; for I always have been supported, and hope I always shall, by the Sons of *Apollo* in some Way or other.

A I R XIII. Of all the Girls.

*Of all the Touths that are so gay,
Theres none like Men of Learning;
There's none can be compar'd to they,
So clever and discerning.*

Ter. Fil. Very well, *Mrs. Betty*, charmingly sung: I find you are a perfect Philosopher: *Oxford* indeed has an excellent Effect upon you, that no Misfortunes can deject you; I can do no less than answer you, *Mrs. Betty*.

A I R XIV. Sweet are the Charms, &c.

*The choicest Soils oft-times produce
The most pernicious poisonous Juice;
In vain then Oxford, dost thou toil,
To seem the Eye of Britain's Isle,
Whilst Actions dark obscure the bright,
Still Terræ-Filius must write.*

Well, *Mrs. Betty*, if you are in Earnest, you may peruse it if you please, and answer it too; perhaps

perhaps, the Vice-Chancellor and Heads of Houses may tip you something for your Ingenuity ; if not it will be as profitable a Method of spending your Time as any other way : Make haste and read it, whilst I'll wait for you in this Arbour ; for I don't care to be seen in Publick.

To her Thoughtless.

Thoug. Well, my dear Betty, what art thou about here ? What Book's that ? it seems to be a Manuscript ; I am so tormented, my Dear, that I can find no Rest, unless I could fly from myself : What dost thou say to me, Girl.

[Saluting her.]

Flip. Lord, Mr. *Thoughtless*, what can I say ? I protest I am as uneasy as you : I gave you my Advice last Night, but you only laugh'd at me for it.

Thoug. What Advice, my Dearest.

Flip. Why, to turn Author, Sir.

Thoug. I tell you again, I have been an Author all my Life long : But to be serious, can you propose any Advantage to us in case, I should have Patience enough to exercise my Talent that Way ?

Flip. Why yes, Mr. *Thoughtless* ; I have, with a great deal of Trouble and Pain, procur'd a Sight of the *Terra-Filius's Speech*, which he intends to publish. Now, as I know you are a Gentleman of ready Wit, if we can write an Answer, I fancy we shall get something by it, and so, Sir, we will go Sharers.

Thoug. With all my Heart, my Charmer ; Come, let's look over it together.

[She gives him the Book.]

A I R XV. In the merry Month of June.

Flip. *The Bee from ev'ry Flow'r
Extracts the liquid Sweet;
Let us to yonder Bow'r
In Consultation sit.*

[Pointing to an Arbour.
Come all ye Pow'rs above,
Come crown the lucky Thought;
Inspire the Youth I love,
To gain at least a—Groat.

Thoug. A Groat, my Dear! Sure you are out of your Senses.

Flip. You'll pardon me, Sir, 'tis only a Burlesque upon our unhappy Circumstances at present: Faith, I can't help laughing, hang me if I can, to think how miserable the polite Mr. Thoughtless and his Chloë have made themselves.

Thoug. You have more Courage than I, my Charmer; the De'el take me if my Misfortunes have not render'd me quite stupid. Come, I'll try and brighten up a little, my fair one [Kissing.] and see what we can make of this Affair; but whatever I produce it shall go in your Name.

A I R XVI. Shall I be sick for Love.

O! could I but produce

One single Guinea by't,

Ye Gods, how would I think!

Ye Gods, how would I write!

A I R

A I R

A I R XVII. The Miser thus, &c.

*But, oh ! I fear 'tis all in vain,
To tug the labouring Oar ;
I strive but to encrease my Pain,
And struggle to be poor.*

Here, my Girl, take the Paper again; I have read enough to give me a Hint; I'll now go and tick a Tester at *John's*, (if he will trust) and see what I can do over a Decanter of humble Ale; you may expect to see me again to-morrow, till then, charming *Betty*, I am yours.

Flip. Sir, your Servant. [*She calls to the Terra-Filius.*] You may come out, Sir, now, if you will, the Gentleman is gone, and I ask Pardon for keeping you so long in Purgatory.

Ter. Fil. You are welcome, Mrs. *Flippant*, if you think it can be of any Service to you.

Flip. I can't tell yet, Sir, but Mr. *Thoughtless* and I conceive some glimmering Hopes; but if not, we must be contented. Sir, your Servant; I must now seek out for a Dinner: but as yet, I am sure, know not which way to steer my Course.

Ter. Fil. I am sorry for you indeed, Mrs. *Betty*, but if you will accept of a small Matter to buy you a Commons, 'tis at your Service.

[*He gives her Money.*]

Flip. Sir, I return you ten thousand Thanks. May good Success attend your Endeavours.

[*Exit singing.*]

A I R

A 1 R XVIII. My Wife Joan, &c.

*O ! how charming is the Sight
Of Mon y to the half-starv'd Toast ;
Poet was ne'er in better plight,
When his glad Fob could Shillings boast.*

Ter. Fil. Poor Soul ! she excites my Compassion indeed now : How thankful she is for Six-pence, who before the Act would have spit in a Man's Face that had offer'd her a Crown. See the wonderful Effects of Poverty sometimes ! I wish it would now produce the same Effect in all of them, as it has done in this poor Girl ; she who was a Fortnight ago dreaming of nothing less than Stars and Garters, is now content with a small Matter to keep her from starving : I hope the rest of the *Oxford* Ladies will take Warning by her, and not build their Hopes upon so sandy a Foundation. To what Purpose is it that these Tradesmen bring up their Daughters to Musick and Dancing, to Idleness, or reading Romances ? Much better would they discharge the Duty of a Parent, if they would teach them to know and understand themselves, that they are made for work to get their Bread by, and not such Vanities as they exercise themselves in ; then the poor Girls would think themselves happy in being match'd to one of their own Rank, and not set a greater Value on themselves than they really deserve ; their Fall then would not be so low (as it is too often upon the Death of their Friends) even to the Parish, because they are are neither able or willing to help themselves : In vain is their Expectations often to catch the
captive

captive Youth ; and after he is caught, too commonly he proves a Tartar. Poor *Betty Flippant* drew these Reflections ; And,

A I R XIX. I wish my Love was in, &c.

*From hence let silly Damsels know,
How to decline all Pride and Show ;
Better to learn to sew and spin,
And cultivate the Mind within :
Then might they find the blooming Youth,
Full of Constancy and Truth ;
Might take him in their longing Arms,
And feast him with Love's choicest Charms.*

A I R XX. By Mason's Art ;

*And may all Youths by me forewarn'd,
Avoid the flattering Decoy ;
Not by these tempting Syrens charm'd,
Which can afford no real Joy :
Then would they stem the Sea of Life,
Whilst prosperous Gales still wasted on ;
Nor think of Woman, Maid or Wife,
Till Education first be done.*

The End of the Second Act.



ACT



ACT III.

SCENE, *The Vice-Chancellor's Lodgings.*

Enter Vice-Chancellor and Proctor.

VICE-CHANCELLOR.

WELL, Mr. Proctor, I hope you got safe home the other Night.

Proct. Very well, Sir; I thank you.

Vice-Chan. Do you hear any thing more concerning our Affairs?

Proct. Not much, Sir, I think; but really what has come to my Knowledge since, I am afraid will be not so grateful for me to entertain you with, as our last Conference was.

Vice-Chan. Pray explain yourself, for I am sure the Publick must deal very ungenerously by us, if it hint at any thing tending to our Disadvantage.

Proct. My Intelligence is, Sir, both publick and private. The one informs me, that the *Terra Filini's Speech* is printed: The other is, an universal Complaint from all our Members, as well Masters, Batchelors, as Under-Graduates, that this Act has exhausted their Pockets, that they are brought almost on the Brink of Ruin.

Vice-

Vice Chan. The *Terra-Filius's* Speech printed ! why, that's bad News indeed, for us ; but, however, we must take it patiently, and hear of our Faults in common with the rest of our Brethren : 'Tis some Comfort to us, however, that the Age is arrived to such a Pitch of Impudence, that no Order or Degree amongst us escapes the Lash ; even the K—, Q—, and all the Royal Family, with the whole Court in general, are daily lampoon'd by some petty Scribler or other : Therefore, as we suffer with our Betters, let us acquiesce. You are sensible, Sir, as well as I, that Sir ———, who is now at the chief Helm of Affairs, is persecuted every Week of his Life by some fresh Libel, yet he has Courage enough to stand it, and why should not we ? It will disappear like a Nine-day's Wonder : However, if it should not, I am for following that wise Man's Example ; if we can't defend our own Cause, *propria Persona*, every Man for himself, let us hire Pensioners that can, and if the Truth appears too plain on our Adversaries Side, let our Mercenaries endeavour to cast a Mist before the Eyes of the World, that they may not so clearly perceive it. And it is my humble Opinion, that this Question be stated, and pass next time we meet in Ordinance.

Proff. I agree with you, judicious Sir, as to the first ; how lucky are you at hitting of Expedients ? but what Remedy shall we find for the last and worse Evil, I mean, of replenishing so many Purfes which are now exhausted ? Why, they tell me, Sir, that most of our College-Gates are beset with Bailiffs : *Haughty* and *Pedant*, two Senior Fellows, you know, are afraid to shew their Heads, and sent a very
E humble

humble Message to-day, to your humble Servant, desiring that, if it were possible to save their Reputation, they might borrow thirty Pounds each, out of the Publick Stock. If you please, Sir, we will order your Beadles to convey them here under a proper Disguise, and then you may hear the Truth from their own Mouths.

Vice-Chan. With all my Heart, Mr. Proctor. Pray ring the Bell, and order John to send for them. [Rings.]

Enter John.

John. desire Mr. P——, and Mr. W——, to go for Mr. *Haughty* of C——C——, and Mr. *Pedant* of *Queen's*, and let them be brought to my Lodgings the Back-way, for particular Reasons. [Walks about the Room singing.]

John. It shall be done, Sir. [Exit.]

A I R XXI. Cotillon.

*Who would think that Men so wise,
Should bestow their Treasure,
In the swift pursuit of Vice,
In the Paths of Pleasure.*

A I R XXII. The Woman that seduces.

*But if considerate Forty cannot see
Th' impending Ruin e'er it is too late ;
E'en let the Castle be his Lot for me,
There let him curse Extravagance not Fate.*

What say you, Mr. Proctor? They are no Children now, but sage Instructors of Youth; and therefore should have studied the Consequence
of

of these Things, had they us'd the same Moderation in their own Expences, as they advis'd their Pupils to, there would have been no Occasion for them to have apply'd on this Manner to us, or we to have sent for them. Surely 'tis impossible for them to have run so much in Debt in so small a Time: One would think they eat Money, or like *Cleopatra*, swallowed down the Value of a whole Province at a Draught. I know their Fellowships must be very good, besides what the yearly Income of being Pupil-Mongers brings them in. I think, indeed, their Indiscretion deserves no Pity, but rather Punishment: And if the Catch poles, as you say, so narrowly observe their Motions, as to make it dangerous for them to stir out of College, it may be of Service to them and their Pupils, by the mutual Diligence of one reading, and the other hearing Lectures.

Proff. Certainly true, Sir.

A I R XXIII.

*Why should unwary Men complain
At the Misfortunes they sust in,
When the sole Authors of their Pain.*

*Haughty and Pedant both must know,
That Books, as well as Reason, shew,
Profuseness ever ends in Woe.*

But see, Sir, here they come.

Enter Haughty and Pedant in Disguise.

Vice-Chan. Advances towards them.] Gentlemen, your Servant ; I am glad to see you, but

not in this Dress. Come, disburthen your Complaints; I am sure you must have made a very wrong Use of what was so wisely designed, and prudently managed, or else Matters could never come to this pass.

Both. Mr. Vice-Chancellor.

Vice Chan. Nay, speak but one at a time, and then I will hear you.

Haug. Let me then, Brother, take up the Cudgels as being Senior. You was pleas'd to say, Sir, with humble Submission, that Mr. *Pedant* and I wade a wrong Use of Things wisely design'd: Now, Sir, we can't conceive any Design in this Matter (and much less a wise one) unless it was to make us all poor.

Vice-Chan. How so Sir? Why you and Mr. *Pedant* are now considerably advanced in Years, and might very well have distinguished between the serious and ludicrous Part of this Entertainment, between what was prudent and extravagant. I dare say, if the Truth was known, most of your Money was spent in Tickets to hear the *Oratorio's*; I must confess a Crown each was rather too much; but had you been contented with a single one, without treating all your Acquaintance, that could never have hurt you.

Haug. Lord, Sir, you must excuse me, so many Years can never have rolled over your Head and find you ignorant—that Musick has Charms to sooth the savage Soul, and much more rational Men; and as we ought to act according to that excellent Motto, *Manners maketh Man*, so you would not suppose us to be such Brutes as to engross all the Pleasure to ourselves, without complimenting our Friends with a Participation of it.—But yet Mr. *Vice-Chancellor*,

Chancellor, this is all foreign to our present Argument; and that is, what real Good could possibly flow from this Publick Act?

Vice-Chan. Why, Sir, I think you are rather too pert, and don't well understand who you are conversing with. What redounds to the Advantage of this learned Body may be morally apply'd to its Good. Don't you think those elegant Orations, those excellent Copies of Verses rhetorically compos'd, and emphatically spoken, highly distinguish us from the rest of Mankind, and display our Parts, in the strongest and brightest Colours.

Haug. Indeed, in my humble Opinion, we are display'd in Colours strong enough in one Sense, and equally weak in another. But what more.

Vice Chan. By this, Sir, we have expressed our Zeal and firm Attachment to all the Royal Family, our present happy Constitution, and his Highness of *Orange*, in choosing out this Year (above all others) to celebrate our publick Entertainment, in which their happy Nuptials are to be solemniz'd.

Haug. You must be a Gentleman of deeper Penetration than to think the whole World is blind; The Court, Sir, is not to be so deceived, for it is very sensible that we have not shewed them the least Mark of Esteem or Affection since the happy Accession of this Royal Family to the Throne — And I am afraid, Sir, it will be too late to begin now. — And then as to his Highness of *Orange*, he is an entire Stranger to us; and therefore, what ever Encomiums are bestowed on him may, for ought we know, be undeservedly: Besides, I think, had he any Regard for our Princess, he
would

would have been here in Person long enough ago; and, no doubt, here's mercenary Scribblers enough to trumpet his Praise

Vice-Chan. Mr. *Haughty*, I did not expect this from you; such Language is unsufferable: Instead of answering your Request, I have a great Mind to commit you myself to the Castle. Why, you have spoke Treason, Sir, almost; do you know it? I hope, Mr. *Pendant*, these are not your Sentiments too.

Ped. With Submission, Sir, I presume us poor Sufferers may with Impunity complain; for I am sure we have Reason enough.

Vice-Chan. Intolerable! Where will this end? Mr. *Proctor*, what is your Opinion? Do they not deserve to be punish'd for their Impudence?

Proct. Highly! Instead of lending them thirty Pounds, you should order the proper Officer to lend them thirty Lashes a-piece, for their Reflections on the Government and this learned Body.

Vice-Chan. Sirrahs! get out of my Sight this Minute, or I'll order ye to be taken into Custody. [In a Passion.]

A I R XXIV. All you that delight in a, &c.

Haug. Was ever Man like to be punish'd before,
 For speaking of nothing but Truth, Sir?
 See, then how they winch, if you touch the
(old Sore,
 Like gall'd Fades, spur'd on by hot Touth,
(Sir.
 [Pointing to the *Vice-Chancellor* and *Proctor*.]

A I R

*Ped. Must innocent People in Prison be pent,
For telling you but what your own is?*

*[Pointing ditto.
No! ye to the Devil shall both first be sent;
For Hell your own right proper Home is.*

Since you have made me mad.

[Exeunt both running away.

Vice-Chan. Fine Fellows these!

*Prost. My Eyes, indeed, Sir, never beheld
their Equals, and I hope never will.*

*Vice-Chan. They have put me into such a
Disorder, I won't say Passion, that I shan't re-
cover myself a good while.*

A I R XXV. The White Joak.

*Shall Actions then so well intended,
By such be highly discommended,
By whom both Good and Bad is blended?*

A I R XXVI. Would Fate to me Belinda give.

*Prost. Learned Vice-Chan you ne'er shall find,
Amidst the best of Human Kind,
But some have vile, some treach'rous prov'd
And curs'd the Thing erst now they lov'd.*

*Sir, your humble Servant; I'll take my Leave,
for I see you are somewhat indispos'd.*

*Vice-Chan. Sir, yours; I can't intreat you
to stay at present; for, indeed, I am a little
disorder'd.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to Paradise-Garden.**Enter Thoughtless and Flippant.*

Thoug. Well, my Dearest, I have met you according to Appointment; how have you far'd since Yesterday?

Flip. But indifferent, Mr. *Thoughtless*. I have made shift to get a Tester to buy me a Dinner; but, faith, was forc'd to go to Bed supperless: but how did you manage?

Thoug. Why, my Fair, I saunter'd away to the Coffee-House, as I told you; and after much entreaty, prevail'd upon the good Man to give me a Shilling Credit: He was very unwilling at first, till I was oblig'd to let him in to the Secret, and tell him my Case. The Fellow plagued me with his impertinent Wit too; which, considering my Circumstances, I was forc'd to bear. You are all in the same Condition, I think, Master, says he, for here was a London Gentleman drinking a Dish of Coffee just now, and he and I talking Matters over concerning this devilish Act, how it had gutted ye all; after some Pause, compar'd the whole University to a Watch. How so? says I. Why, answers he, because 'tis always ticking. And, faith, Squire *Thoughtless*, I think his Observation to be too true.—Thus you see, my charming *Flippant*, how the World sneers us for our Generosity.

Flip. 'Tis too often the Case, Sir; but I hope the Jest did not put you by your Business, I mean, from writing an Answer to the *Terra-Filius's* Speech.

Thoug.

Thoug. No, no, my Dear; I have finish'd that, but am at a Loss still to find how we shall reap any Advantage from it; for you know they won't print it here, nor yet in *London*, without we had Money to pay for setting the Press.

Flip. Why then, Sir, ev'n let us both set out for *London*: I have an old pair of Stays at home that will fetch three or four Shillings I believe, and that must bear our Expences up.

Thought. So we will, Child; and sell it outright, to the first Chap we meet with.

Flip. Agreed, Sir; I'll meet you to-morrow by Three upon *Shotover-Hill*, for we must tramp it.

Thoug. Very well, my dear Contriver; I am now going to meet some Gentlemen at the *New-Inn*, and would have you go with me; we may find there, perhaps, enough to sustain us to-day — I fancy there may be some Ladies in Company, and they will countenance you.

Flip. Sir, I readily wait on you for an Hour or two, and then will prepare for our intended Journey to-morrow; for at present my Stomach's craving.

A I R XXVII. *Ianthe* the lovely.

*How blest are the Hungry, how happy to meet
With all that that is strong, and with Meat that is
sweet?*

*No more I'll complain, tho' I am ne'er worth a Groat;
Can I fill but my Belly, and moisten my Throat:
Dearest, with you to-day I'll eat and I'll swill;
To-morrow let happen, to morrow let happen what-
(ever Fate will.*

F

Thoug.

A I R XXVIII. I'll court ev'ry Danger.

[*Thoughtless* taking her round the Waist.]

*We'll trip it to London,
We'll trip it to London,
We'll trip it to London,
Ourselves to maintain.*

*What tho' here we're undone,
What tho' here we're undone,
What tho' here we're undone,
Let us never complain.*

A I R XXIX. *Thomas*, I cannot.

[Both hugging each other.]

*For tho' of Fortune-Tellers you boast,
Yet Oxford, you cannot discover
The Joys that Fate has reserv'd for your Toast,
And her constant, tho' now wretched Lover.*

SCENE changes to the New Inn, and discovers
Thoughtless, *Sprightly*, *Spendthrift*, and
Others, with *Wine* and *Ale* before them, their
Gowns and *Bands* thrown on the Ground; as
likewise *Hainella*, *Vinella*, *Flippant*, *Beuella*,
and other *Oxford-Toasts*, all carousing round
a large Table.

A I R XXX. Come brave Boys let us be merry.

Sprig. Come, let's booze while we are able,
No Man flinch, or dare to go;
When drunk we'll sink beneath the Table,
And thus suspend our Grief and Woe.
Tol de dol de tol rol. [Chorus.]
Hain.

Hain. Come, bright Girls, let's fill our Glasses,
[Pouring out.]

Oxford Toasts ne'er learn'd to shrink;
The World shall style us matchless Lasses,
Unparalell'd in Love and Drink.

Tol de dol de tol rol.
[They drink.]

Sprig. Well, my dear Souls, my brave Boys, and soft Girls, we are all met together here; how stand Matters with you since the Act? — As for my Part, the damn'd Taylor brought me in such a Bill to day, enough to scare one out of one's Senses, which drove me here: I am sure to drink them in again. [Pulls out a long Scroll of Paper.] Here, take it, my dear Buella, I believe 'tis a Yard and a half long.

Buel. And my Milliner has presented me with one to day, not inferior to it; and what is worse, sa's, she won't stay any longer for her Money.

Spend. Upon my Life, Gentlemen, I am in the same Condition with you all; Oxford's too hot to hold me: I must be constrain'd to move off the Premises very soon.

Hain. Not without me, I hope, dear Mr. Spendthrift: you always promis'd to be true to your Hainessa, and hope won't leave her in the Lurch now; for my Mantun-maker has the same Hank upon me, as Miss Buella's Milliner has on her.

Thoug. I find then now we are come to an open Confession; I'll answer for Mrs. Flippant and myself, that we labour under as many Calamities as any one of you, but have not the

Honour to be so familiar with Miss *Vineffa*, as to know her Circumstances.

Vin. O dear, Mr. *Thoughtless*, you can't think me to be born under a more favourable Planet than the rest of my Neighbours, and so, consequently, not exempted from the common Misfortunes which now afflict the rest of this good Company.

Thoug. Well, Gentlemen and Ladies, I see we are alike in the Suds, and have all sold *Oxford*; but how to extricate ourselves, there's the Question: 'I will be dangerous certainly to stay much longer here, who can advise?

To them Haughty and Pedant.

[*They seem startled.*]

Thoug. What's the Matter, Gentlemen? pray don't be frighten'd. What, I hope you are not afraid of your Pupil; here's none but Friends. Pray sit by the Ladies, they won't hurt you, I dare say. [*They sit, Thoughtless drinks to them.*]

A I R YXXI. Genteel in Personage.

*Why all these Pretences
To Learning and Senses,
Since you love the Wenches
As well as gay Youth.*

*Pleasure maintaining,
Never disdaining,
Such entertaining,
Would you speak Truth.*

Haug.

Haug. I am glad to see you so merry, Mr. *Thoughtless*, considering how Times go. My Friend *Pedant* and I have been battling it with the grave Dons, till we were forc'd to fly, faith, and so took Shelter here for a Moment.

Thoug. But wherefore this Disguise, Gentlemen; I hardly knew ye at first?

Haug. Why, to tell you the Truth, we were afraid of being nab'd, having very much incumber'd ourselves this Publick Act.

All laugh. Our Case, faith; ha! ha! ha! But, Gentlemen, we interrupt your Mirth.

[*They rise up.*]

All. Pray Gentlemen, as we are all Fellow-Sufferers alike, so we shall be glad of your Company.

Thoug. It will be a particular Pleasure to me and the rest of us, I dare believe, if you will vouchsafe to drink a Glass with us. I hope, Gentlemen, you are not affronted at the Song I took the Liberty of humming just now, for I protest I meant no Harm; and besides, as our Circumstances resemble each others, so Poverty, like Death, makes all Distinctions void.

Haughty and Pedant. Not in the least; but at present it does not suit us to stay.

Thoug. Perhaps, Gentlemen, [*Asking Pardon.*] you are deficient in Pocket: but as to that, 'tis the same with us all; see here else. Pull out Gentlemen and Ladies.

[*They all shew empty Pockets.*]

Not a Grig. Sir, amongst us all: We drink upon Credit, and ye shall be welcome to Part of it.

Haug. and Ped. Not now, Sir, we thank you, Gentlemen and Ladies your Servants. [*Exeunt.*]

Spend.

Spend. We are not alone then, I see. Come,
Vinessa, my Dear, drink about.

A I R XXXII. Come, Neighbours, since.

[*Vinessa* taking the Glass.]

*Then let us all agree,
 Since render'd thus unhappy,
 And drown our Misery,
 In t'other Glass of Nappy.*

Sprigh. Well done Girl ; you shall have a Kiss
 round for that.

A I R XXXII. As the Snow in Vallies, &c.

*As the sturdy Oak derides
 The stormy Winds that lash his Sides,
 Securely fix'd he bravely stands.
 Thus Calamities, thus Losses,
 Fortune's Frowns, and Fortune's Crosses,
 The bold undaunted Soul commands.*

Thought. Couragiously acted, I protest : I'll
 chime in too.

A I R XXXIII. Oh, what Pain it is to part.

*Since we're all thus got in Debt,
 We will swig it, we will swig it ;
 Since we're all thus got in Debt,
 So heartily we'll swig it :
 If either he or she refuse,
 Lustily to suck in Booze,
 We'll tuck them fast up in a Noose ;
 For heartily we'll swig it.*

But

But Gentlemen and Ladies, I think 'tis high Time to come to the Point in Hand; what we were talking of before *Haughty* and *Pedant* interrupted us; which Way it would be most advisable for us to steer our Course, since we can stay no longer here.

Sprig It is my Opinion, we may be well received any where, especially by the polite Part of the World, as we are a perfect Set of Philosophers, I mean of *Peripateticks*; for you may be sure no-body will trust us with Horses, and so we must e'en walk it, let us go were we will.

Spend. If I may be allowed to pass my Judgment, let us all brush off to Night for *London*.

Thoug. But how shall we support ourselves when we come there, Mr. *Spendthrift*?

Spend. I don't mean for us to continue there long Sir, but proceed on to *Holland*, and so put ourselves under the Prince of *Orange's* Protection; he can do no less than take care of us I am sure, considering what clever Fellows we are; and so we may return back to our own native Country when he comes over. People, you know, talk of an Act of Insolvency upon this Marriage and that will cancel all our Debts.

Thoug. What you say, Mr. *Spendthrift*, seems at first to carry some Weight with it, but I am afraid will appear otherwise when we come to examine it. In the first Place, how shall we procure Money to bear our Charges to *Holland*? And in the next, We are so numerous that we should frighten the Prince, whilst, instead of being entertain'd, he would think we came to eat him out of House and Home, and so would discard us; what should we do then, destitute of Money and Friends, and in a foreign Country?

Country? But grant that he would receive us; if we wait for his bringing us home, we may never see our native Country again for ought I know. You see it is strongly vouched by some, that his intended Journey to *England* is entirely laid aside. And lastly, to flatter ourselves with an Act of Insolvency is ridiculous, since such a charitable good-natur'd Action as that, is not to be expected now a-days, from People invested with Power to obtain it. An Act of Indemnity I grant you there may be, when Occasion requires; but the other, which would restore to Joy and Gladness above fifty thousand miserable People, in my humble Opinion will never be — Thus Mr. *Spendthrift*, [asking Pardon,] I am afraid your Expedient won't take.

All. No, no, 'twon't do, no *Holland* for us.

Spright. Come, who speaks next? But let's drink round first, and that will enliven our Thoughts. *Hainessa!* here's to thee. Gentlemen, to all your Healths, may Providence infuse some lucky Expedient into our Brains.

A I R XXXV. Young Virgins love Pleasure.

*In vain whilst we're thirsty
In vain we sit thinking,
The lucky Expedient's
Found only by drinking.*

[*Hainessa* pledges him, and drinks to *Spendthrift*.

A I R

AIR XXXVI. A Begging we will go.

*'Tis bright Bacchus alone
That inspires us with Thoughts,
We may fit him drum on
Till he moistens well our Throats.
And a toping we will go, we'll g. &c.
Spendtbrift drinking.]*

*If we are forc'd to travel
To France, or into Spain;
This God that sent us thither,
Will bring us back again. And, &c.*

Vineffa drinking.]

*If Fortune shall transport us
To the Indies, East or West,
These Charmers shall support us,
[Pointing to the Gentlemen.
With them we're truly blest. Then, &c.*

Thoughtless drinking.]

*If Greenland be our Portion,
Whilst lock'd in your dear Arms,
[Pointing to the Ladies.
We'll plow that icy Ocean,
And screen ye all from Harm. Then, &c.*

Flippant drinking.]

*In vain Mankind shall strive at
Such Happiness to boast,
As each brave Oxford Scholar,
And his fair blooming Toast.
Then a toping we will go, &c.*

Well, Gentlemen, this is kind of you to stand true to your Wives: for so we may call ourselves now: then let our Fortune be what it will, we shall be entirely happy. I always indeed conceiv'd a good Opinion of these Oxford Scholars, and find now that it was not misgrounded.

Thoug. Sure, my Dear, you did not think we would ever leave you, especially at such a Time as this, to be a Prey to Catch-poles, those devouring Cormorants.

Gentlemen all. No; Ye shall all share our Fortunes.

Ladies. Then will we prove most true and constant. Let us seal the Bargain with a Kiss all round, [They kiss.]

Thoug. Gentlemen and Ladies, a lucky Thought is just this Moment enter'd my Noddle, which I hope will be pleasant, and advantageous to us all.

Sprig. Pray communicate, Sir, we all want to hear.

Thoug. Suppose then, upon our Arrival in London, we should immediately apply to the Trustees for managing the new Colony at Georgia, and so get ourselves ship'd off with the rest that are now going.

Sprig. Gad so, a bright Thought, faith; we need not fear being arrested there. We are all young and vigorous, and so consequently may increase and multiply exceedingly; besides, being Men of Learning, we may erect an University too—Let me see, I'll be a Professor of Musick, for I like that best; *Sprightly* of Divinity; (for we must carry Religion with us) and you, Mr. *Thoughtless*, of Natural Philosophy; which I believe has been your chiefest Practice.

Hain.

Hain. And what shall we do, must not we teach something too?

Sprig. Yes my Dear, you shall teach the *Indian Ladies* to dress and patch, to sing and dance *Alamode de Paris*, to intrigue, to go fine, and be extravagant.

Hain. O fye! Mr. *Sprightly*.

Sprig. I did but joke, my Dear, so pray excuse me.

Thoug. There will be, Gentlemen and Ladies, a great deal of Difference between this Voyage, and that to *Holland*, for here the Managers will give you Cloaths, Arms, and all other Necessaries, will pay our Passage over, and support us when we come there.

Flip. Will they present us, Ladies, with each a Suit of Brocade, a Diamond Ring, and a Gold Watch too my Dear?

Thoug. No Child; but in time we shall get Gold enough to purchase all these Things — Well, what do you conclude on?

All. For *Georgia*! for *Georgia*!

Thoug. Come then, let's take one Dance for Jov, that we have at last found out a Place of Rest and Safety to retire to.

All take Partners, and dance a round Dance, and then advance to the Front of the Stage.

A I R XXXVII. *Gossip Joan.*

Men sing.

Come then, my Friends, we'll tramp't,
As long as lasts this Leather,
And so forget how bere we're cramped,
And this damn'd A& together,

Charming Fair.

Women

Women sing.

*You shall not go alone,
And leave your Girls to Sorrow;
We'll follow every one,
And so set out to-morrow,
Constant Dear,*

F I N I S

